



Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

MERINO SHEEP.

The high price which fine wool begins once more to command, again turns the attention of many of our farmers to Merino sheep.

This breed, in Maine, has felt the fluctuations of the wool market and the instability of too many of the farming community more than any other breed of farm stock. When fine wool commands from forty to fifty cents per pound, the Merino fever runs strong among us, and every body looks respectful towards Paulers and Negretis and Silesians—and our farmers will kill off or sell off their other stock and fill their places with them. This will go on for a few years, when a glut in the wool market, occasioned by some whirlwind in the commercial world or by some change in congressional policy, brings the price of wool down to a low figure, and these poor devoted sheeps are brought to the block and their numbers thinned off at a fearful rate.

We have seen some three or four changes of this kind within the last thirty years. We have no doubt those who have kept along with their flocks, keeping as many as they could keep well, and paying attention to the quality of them and to their improvement as carefully when wool was low in the market as when it was high, have prospered better than those who have been zealous wool-growers at one period and none at all at another, and again jumping into the business in hot haste, and anon jumping out again with equal speed, as the price current shows a diminution in the price of the fleece.

At present, there seem to be three breeds claiming the attention of our farmers: The Merino and its varieties, the Southdown, and the Cotswold with its varieties, such as Leicesters and other long-wooled kinds.

The Merino is more especially reared for its fine wool—the others, for their mutton. The Merino are well adapted to Maine—provided they have fair play. By that, we mean good pasturage in summer—good keep and a chance for shelter during the winter. Although our winters are severe, they require shelter only in stormy weather. They can endure a pretty low degree of dry cold, but a wet cold, occasioned by snows and rains, curls them up and injures them very much. Hence, a shelter during storms is indispensable to them.

The Merinos, we believe, when thus well fed and sheltered, are longer lived than any of the other breeds. They are not so good nurses in the winter season as the Southdowns or the Leicesters and Cotswolds, and hence they should not be allowed to lamb so early in the season unless you have rooms and such like succulent food with which to feed them.

Of the several varieties of the Merino, take them all in all, we consider the old-fashioned Spanish Merino as good as any you can find. The French Merinos are larger and have a coarser staple. The Silesian Merinos are smaller and have a very fine fleece. Some of the Spanish Merinos, as we still call them, although their ancestors were brought from Spain forty years ago, produce very heavy fleeces. Some very fine specimens of the Merino varieties were exhibited here at the late State Fair, from Somerset county, and the farmers of that section have, in all probability, the best flocks of this breed in Maine. Messrs. S. W. Smith & Brother, of North Anson, had a four years old buck, that sheared last spring 14 lbs. 6 oz. of wool, which sold for \$7.18. The weight of this buck is 116 lbs. The Messrs. Smith took a large amount of the premiums of the State Society, on Merinos.

CULTURE OF GRASSES.

From a report of "Evening Discussions" of farmers in Albany, N. Y., which we find in the *Country Gentleman*, we extract the following remarks of Mr. J. Stanton Gould of Columbia Co., on the Culture of Grasses:

"Mr. G. has given the study of grasses considerable attention, and made a lengthy statement in regard to their culture, based upon statistical returns. He thought our meadows produced more ten years ago than at the present day, and attributed their deterioration to the prevailing ignorance, in a great measure, among farmers in regard to the nature, uses and chemical relative value of the various species of grass. When so much depends upon this, it is surprising that no more careful attention is given to it. Animals are considered but machines for the farmer's use, and by means of which he could turn the products of his meadows and pastures into cash. He stated the annual value of the grass crop in this State to be \$60,000,000; in the New England States \$68,000,000; and in the United States over \$300,000,000! These figures show the value and importance of the crop. It should be the object of all farmers to become fully acquainted with the nature of the various grasses, before laying down their lands. Mr. Gould said that 100 lbs. of timothy was equal in nutritive qualities to 300 lbs. of the sweet clover vernal grass, and this latter kind it was which gives the peculiar beautiful and delicate smell to our hay-fields. Some grasses which contain a large amount of carbon and hydrogen, go to make up the fat of an animal; others, composed largely of nitrogen, form mucus; while another variety goes to give warmth to the body in the form of hair. He thought that pure chemistry was not reliable in giving information in regard to the value of grasses, and would suggest to the farmers that the trial be made at their own mangers; first, by weighing an animal when put up to one kind of grass for food, and also by weighing the hay given, and then changing to other kinds of grasses and noting the result. In seeding down meadows he thought it should be a rule to seed down with a great variety of seeds, as it was well known that large numbers would die, and that only a certain number of seeds would grow in a given area. It had also been demonstrated that only two seeds of blue grass would grow upon a square inch of

ground; but by sowing in this space timothy, and also by sowing the kinds, the whole ground would be filled up, and five or six different varieties grown upon a square inch. He would also recommend to sow such seeds as come into flower at the same time. In regard to the average product per acre, he thought it was greater in the southern than in the northern part of the State.

In regard to the state of land for the grass seed he thought it would pay extremely well to obtain as fine a tith as possible, and cover the seed but lightly. One-eighth of an inch was a sufficient depth, while grass seed would fail to germinate if covered to a depth of one inch. The practice of harrowing in grass seed he considered destructive to the crop, but if it must be harrowed, it should be done very lightly. If possible, grass seed should be sown just before a rain, and leave that to make the necessary covering. Lime as an application to land, would be improved in value if slacked in water considerably salt. In conclusion Mr. Gould referred to draining and irrigation, as the best and most practical means for the improvement of meadows, and referred to the fact that 6,000 feet of water of the Rhine, which was carried away in sewers, contained enough value to produce an ox; and that by this means of irrigation the meadows of Edinboro' had been made to produce 25 tons of hay per acre.

SEA WEED AND COUGH GRASS.

Mr. Editor—Dear Sir—I have recently purchased a place in this town, extending from the main road to the sea-shore. Large quantities of sea-weed float in upon the beach at almost every tide. Already, I have hauled considerable of the "weed" with a view of forming a compost heap, consisting of common barn manure, soft wood ashes, together with burnt oyster and clam shells in connection with the sea-weed. Some of my neighbors tell me that sea-weed produces "cough grass," and hence, that it is not fit for the land. Now then, as I am only a new beginner in the way of farming, will you have the kindness, through the *Farmer* to give what information you have upon this subject. I have known cough grass in abundance many miles from the sea. Still, this fact may not prove that sea-weed does not contribute to the existence of cough grass here. A few lines upon this subject will doubtless interest many of your readers.

What book on farming, would you recommend to a new beginner, who wishes to go to work in a proper manner? Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, Respectfully yours,

N. P. GUILFORD.

Shediac, N. B., Nov. 12th, 1859.

Note.—Our friend need not trouble himself in regard to his sea-weed producing cough grass. It will do just about as soon as a duck's egg will produce a "Guinea fowling." The manure made from it will make cough grass, and all other grass grow finely, but if it is not in the soil it will never create it there. It is possible that cough grass, when growing near the shore, may have its seeds blown into the sea, and these, floating among the sea-weed, may be collected with it and, escaping decomposition in the composting process, be carried into fields, and thus unwittingly sow, and so the application of sea-weed, dressing might introduce this grass where it was not before known, but in no other way; and even in this way the sea-weed would not be guilty of its production.

What book on farming would we recommend? No one book. Get all the books you can—read all the books you can—and then let common sense vary the application of the knowledge gained so as to be adapted to your soil, peculiar location, climate, &c. "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good." Good advice in regard to the composting of manure will be found in Browne's (D. Jay) Field Book of manures, and in Dana's muck manual for the use of farmers.—Ed.

GREAT CROP OF CARROTS.

Mr. Editor—I perceive in your paper just received, a statement of a crop of carrots "903 bushels, on little less than one-tenth of an acre," which is said to be "almost defy competition." My neighbor, Benjamin Huntington, raised, this season, six tons of carrots, by actual weight as gathered from the field, prepared for the market, on twenty-seven square rods of land. I leave to the curious to compare these crops, each with the other.

Very truly yours,

J. W. PROCTOR.

So. Danvers, Nov. 17, 1859.

Note. Good, friend Proctor; but the "curious" would like to know how these big crops were raised. We like to hear of such crops, and then we like to hear all the details respecting the way it was done.—Ed.

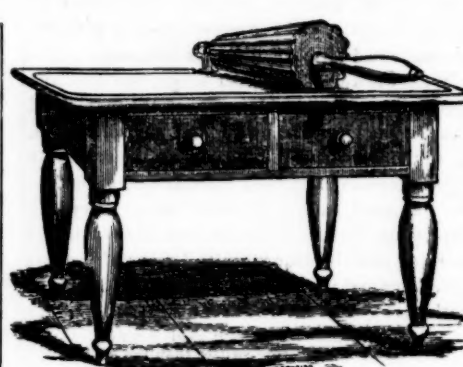
TIME TO CUT SCIONS FOR GRAFTING.

As most of the scions I have set from abroad for three years past have been killed by the excessive cold of winter, I give my experience, that all who wish may avoid the evil. I have cut out as early as September, but think October or November better. I cut and label the bundles, then wrap them up in an old cloth or paper, then on dry land, dig a hole deep enough to cover them, and bury them up, and let them remain till the ground is thawed in the spring, when they may be set, or put down cellar. If they lie in the ground till it becomes quite warm, the buds will not leave out, which will be as fatal as the cold. Scions treated in this way, are just as perfect in the spring as when cut from the tree.

A. C.

SALT FOR STOCK.

A correspondent of the Boston *Cultivator* says: "My practice is to keep salt and wood ashes where horses can have access to them in the stable. I also keep salt in boxes, in my cattle and sheep sheds, during the time they are kept up; and I make salt boxes with roofs to them, to stand in my sheep pastures, with an opening on one side for the sheep to put in their heads. I mix in a little tar and sulphur with the salt for sheep, deeming the mixture healthy for them. My conviction is, therefore, that salt should be put where stock may get it when nature requires. Hence my practice."



BUTTER WORKER.

Every dairywoman will tell you that it is hard work to prepare butter for the market. After being churned, we all know that it is necessary that all the buttermilk should be worked out of it by some means or other. The old method used to be, to spit it with the hands until the whole of the milk was fairly pounded out of it; and the successive blows, although administered oftentimes with delicate and fair hands, consolidated it until it had a suitable consistency for use or good keeping. Every hand is not suitable for this work. Some are either naturally too warm or they warm up too much by the work, and the butter sticks to them. Some use paddles, made of ash or oak, for this purpose, and they are very good, but they are no easier to the operator than the hands. Various kinds of machinery have been invented to accomplish this purpose, some good and some not good. We here give you a cut of one recommended by Flint in his work on the Dairy. It consists, as you see, of a fluted conical roller, which is passed backward and forward over the butter until the buttermilk is pressed out. Mr. Flint says:

"The butter-worker, with a marble top, is an important addition to the implements of the dairy. It effects the complete removal of the buttermilk, without the necessity of bringing the hands in contact with it."

HOW I CULTIVATE ISABELLAS.

Mr. Editor—I have seen a number of articles in the *Farmer* of late, about grapes, generally expressing the belief that the Isabella grape would not ripen in Maine. Now I do not know much about Maine, but I believe you can raise Isabella as well as I can Catawbas. How I succeed with them you hereafter have tangible evidence. With my present experience in cultivating grapes, I am in your State, I would set Isabella by east, south or west walls. If midday infested the foliage I should cope the walls to prevent any frost falling on the vines. The fruit which I send you came from vines kept. Manure liberally, and much in the fall, spade it in early in the spring, shorten no branches on which fruit is growing, allow but one cluster on a spur, and that only on strong ones; nail every branch firmly to the wall, do all the pruning as soon as the leaves fall in the autumn.

The rationale of my plan is this: 1st, The Isabella, formed for a more southern climate, lays out more work than it can do north, and must have its fruit pruned. 2d, Leaves were made to aid the production and are essential to ripening fruit, and the greater the proportion of leaves the more sure the fruit is to mature. 3d, A sundial stands with every leaf on strong shoots. This is plain language, saying that they want to be nailed firm, where there is nothing for the vine to grasp. This being done they will then set to it that the sun does not come to the fruit. 4th, Prune early to prevent all labor and exhaustion by evaporation from branches not wanted. But let the grapes speak for themselves.

CALLED BATES.

Kingston, Mass.

Note.—With the above communication we received some grapes of the Isabella and Catawba varieties which were perfectly ripe and of excellent quality, and fully demonstrated the practical skill of our friend's mode of culture. We shall try his mode another spring on some Isabella that have seldom ripened their fruit.—Ed.

DEEP PLOWING AND TRENCING.

Mr. Editor:—There is no doubt of the beneficial effects of deep plowing,—and as much deeper as the subsoil plow will go,—upon most lands. It is the same in respect to trenching, where the spade is used. The soil, in such cases, not only dries sooner after rains, but stands the drought better, bringing the moisture from a greater depth in the day time, and at night absorbing it more readily. But to cover manure to a great depth, is thought to be an enormous practice. She, in her operations, can be assisted, but never thwarted with impunity. A large number of plants and shrubs send out their roots nearly horizontally. The grape vine rarely goes so low into the earth with its roots as to reach the manure that frequently lies buried to the depth of some feet. The asparagus is another instance. A useless practice formerly prevailed of digging two or three feet vaults, bricked at the bottom to keep the roots from going too far towards the antipodes; whereas, if examined, the roots will be found stretching out horizontally. A bud grows but one head—dies, and another is formed; hence, the ground should be well prepared in the first instance, and then kept up by the most liberal top dressing. Asparagus, as also the cabbage, being originally marine plants, require a liberal supply of salt; it not only stimulates their growth, but is, in doubt, very destructive to worms and insects. Try the methods pointed out, and note the results.

AGRICOLA.

GREAT YIELD OF CARROTS, ETC.

Mr. Editor—I have beaten what you call, in your paper of Nov. 17, "hard to be beat." I raised the present season, one hundred and ninety bushels of carrots on one-eighth of an acre, weighing fifty-five lbs. per bushel.

Also ninety-three bushels of Mangold wurtzels on sixteen square rods. Respectfully yours,

H. S. NICKERSON.

Readfield, Nov. 19th, 1859.

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' FAIR AT HARRISON.

Mr. Editor:—The First Annual Cattle Show and Fair of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Club of Harrison, was held on the 12th of October. The Cattle Show was in a large field owned by B. F. Pierce, and the exhibition of industrial articles, field products, fruit, &c., in the Town House.

Although it was hastily gotten up, and the arrangements necessarily incomplete, yet the exhibition was quite extensive, and amply proved that our farmers and mechanics, as well as the ladies of the place, are hard to beat in their efforts to advance the interests of their several vocations and trades.

The exhibition was somewhat augmented by articles from other towns, but as the committee of arrangements decided to limit the award of premiums to our own citizens, no diplomas were conferred upon exhibitors from abroad. The day was as beautiful as could be desired, and many people from other towns were present and evinced much interest and pleasure in the objects and results of this first show.

A picnic-dinner was served up in the orchard of W. P. Harmon, of which a large number partook. It was prepared in splendid style, and was a credit to the culinary skill and taste of our townsmen, though it is so well known that Harrison ladies know "how to do some things as well as others," that this instance may be hardly deserving of remark.

The plowing match came off in the forenoon, and the drawing and trotting matches in the afternoon, each of which attracted much attention. In the evening the Hon. Sidney Perham of Paris, addressed a large audience at the Baptist meeting-house. His address was replete with sound information, good sense, and practical hints to all the laboring classes. The reports of the several Committees were also made on the occasion which are given below in as concise form as circumstances will permit.

DIPLOMAS AWARDED.

CLASS 1.—Horses.—Best family horse, E. T. Ingalls; breeding mare, Wm. P. Hays; 2d, old colt, Edmond Carley; 3d, John Johnson Jr.; 4th, do, Reuben Hobbs; yearling, E. K. Whitney; 5th, do, Walter P. Harmon; 6th, do, Wm. P. Harmon; 7th, do, Wm. P. Harmon; 8th, do, Wm. P. Harmon; 9th, do, Wm. P. Harmon; 10th, do, Wm. P. Harmon; 11th, do, Wm. P. Harmon; 12th, do, Wm. P. Harmon; 13th, do, Wm. P. Harmon; 14th, do, Wm. P. Harmon; 15th, do, Wm. P. Harmon; 16th, do, Wm. P. Harmon; 17th, do, Wm. P. Harmon; 18th, do, Wm. P. Harmon; 19th, do, Wm. P. Harmon; 20th, do, Wm. P. Harmon; 21st, do, Wm. P. Harmon; 22nd, do, Wm. P. Harmon; 23rd, do, Wm. P. Harmon; 24th, do, Wm. P. Harmon; 25th, do, Wm. P. Harmon; 26th, do, Wm. P. Harmon; 27th, do, Wm. P. Harmon; 28th, do, Wm. P. Harmon; 29th, do, Wm. P. Harmon; 30th, do, Wm. P. Harmon; 31st, do, Wm. P. Harmon; 32nd, do, Wm. P. Harmon; 33rd, do, Wm. P. Harmon; 34th, do, Wm. P. Harmon; 35th, do, Wm. P. Harmon; 36th, do, Wm. P. Harmon; 37th, do, Wm. P. 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THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 1, 1893.

VOLUME XXVIII
OF THE
MAINE FARMER.

A FARM PRECEPTOR
AND
FAMILY FIRESIDE COMPANION.

W. T. HOLMES, Editor.
W. T. JOHNSON, Editor.

READERS—Did you ever consider the intrinsic value to yourself and household of a good faithful newspaper, expressly devoted to your interests, adapted to your locality, and freshly furnished, every week, with timely information concerning your business, with a simple intelligence on all matters interesting to you, and with just the sort of recreation reading which you and your family desire and need?

Have you such a newspaper? If not, we commend to your attention the

MAINE FARMER.

A large weekly paper, published in Augusta, in the best style of newspaper printing.

The name of the paper implies its character. It is especially devoted to the Agriculture of Maine. If a new idea in respect to farming methods is evolved in any quarter of the world, whereby any of the rewards of nature may be increased, it is forthwith gathered up and turned over to the farmers of Maine. If a new implement is discovered by the genius of American or foreign inventors, and which will lighten the labor of man or his beast, or multiply their capabilities, it is at once described, and the place pointed out where it may be procured. The editors are constantly on the watch for these things, and swiftly bear word of them.

The Farmers are carefully required to regulate their work, the RECAPITULATIONS are furnished to guide the good will's hands.

Besides, you are constantly kept up to date on all matters going on in the world—at least, all you care to think of—so that no constant reader of the MAINE FARMER can fall to be an intelligent man.

As the compass and chart are more needed to the pilot than any hand in the good ship, so a good newspaper, though it cost but two dollars, is a better

FARM HELPER

than any hand or implement the farmer can command—more serviceable, more faithful, more fruitful.

Those who are in receipt of the paper, will endorse our statement when we say to others:

Subscribe for the Maine Farmer!

It will be the sturdy friend of your labor; the wise companion of your leisure hours; the best educator of your children; the cheerful minister to your pleasures; the cheapest indulgence; and the best investment of hard earned gains.

The MAINE FARMER will command a new volume on the 22nd of December next. Terms: \$2 per annum, or \$1.75 if paid within three months from the date of subscription.

The friends and agents of the paper are respectfully requested to do what they conveniently can to extend its circulation in their respective neighborhoods, and forward us names with which to commence the new volume.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The circulation of the Farmer, believed to be already greater than that of any other newspaper in Maine, and rapidly increasing, makes it an advantageous medium for advertising to business men and others. For terms, see last page.

HOMAN & MANLEY, Publishers.
Augusta, Nov. 5, 1893.

NOTICE.

Mr. V. DARLING will call upon subscribers to the Farmer in Lincoln County during the present and ensuing month.

Mr. J. V. B. DARLING has been appointed as Agent for the Farmer. He will enter upon his labors immediately.

Mr. D. STICKNEY will call upon subscribers in Penobscot county during the present and ensuing month.

All subscribers who are owing for the current volume of the Farmer, are respectfully requested to make payment immediately, either to our authorized local and traveling agents or directly to us through the mail.

AGRICULTURAL SCHOOLS.

For several years past, there has been an annual talk in regard to the necessity of more systematic education for those young men who are intending to follow the business of farming. As yet, with the exception of a few petitions occasionally sent to our Legislature, and sometimes a report on the subject made by some intelligent member of the Committee on Education, no such petitions were referred, nor newspaper discussions. This subject has again started up, and the Androscoggin Agricultural Society have moved in the matter in the right direction, and that is to make exertions to first get to the base of the institution. We give below, from the *Waterville Journal*, the resolutions passed at the recent meeting, and the correspondence between the President of the Society and the Principal of the Maine State Seminary. By it, we learn that the members of the Society, in common with many others of the people of the State, feel the necessity of having a well endowed institution of the kind somewhere within our borders. We learn too, that the Principal and Trustees of the Seminary are not only willing to devote their land and other conveniences to the promotion of this object, but they are also willing to put their shoulders (and those shoulders have proved themselves pretty efficient in such labors), to the collecting in from friends of the cause \$15,000, on condition that the State give a like sum, and thus endow a Professorship of Agriculture which will be permanent and continually active. This is the right movement. We do know, by sad personal experience, that without some such solid foundation—some such actually well invested "material aid"—an institution of the kind cannot be carried on with that strength and power which it requires in order to be practically useful. "Practically useful, indeed!" exclaims some one of the old adage school. Practically useful! as if a man could not hold plow, drive oxen, or hoe corn without all this "learn" line. I never had any on't, and I can get along. "It got along"—yes, and so can a horse. Does it therefore follow that a man should have no more acquired knowledge than a horse? We are happy to know that such "old fogyism" is pretty nearly faded out from among us. That the belief is prevalent and increasing, that knowledge, a truly scientific education, especially in those branches pertaining to agriculture, is as useful, nay as necessary, to the farmer as the like is to any other profession or calling in the world. The belief is also increasing that true, deep, scientific knowledge and useful labor are not incompatible. That the man who holds the plow, with his hands hardened by honest toil, or "drives his team a-field" in a tow frock, may have a head stored as full of thorough useful science, or a heart as large and as expansive as those "who are clad in soft raiment" and crowd what are called the "learned professions."

We hope to see the day when every calling, and distinct branch of industry shall be a "learned profession," when education—true, useful, thorough, scientific education shall be in the possession of every son and daughter of Adam. This will be an extensive leveling to be sure, but it will be leveling up, and the world be better every way for the consummation of it.

But will the State do anything to aid such an institution? Yes; it may not this year, or next, but it will ultimately do it. The acts of the Legislature are merely responses to the public will. They are merely the giving tangible form to the wishes of the people; and when public opinion is sufficiently concentrated to give impetus

THE MAINE FARMER: AN

to the request for such endowment, it will come. This depends, as we have always said, upon the farmers themselves. As soon as they have come to the conclusion that it is no longer respectable, or profitable, or consistent with their own honor and respectability or usefulness to continue to support schools for all the professions but their own, and they remain underlings in a social position, they will ask, and asking unctiously and earnestly, they will receive. The associated effort begun by the Androscoggin Co. Society is indicative of the progress of light among the farmers, and a little more spread of this light, and a little more union of strength among farmers throughout the State, is all that is wanting to effect this desirable object. The pledge that we now have from a responsible source, to raise half of the needed amount of funds, is a circumstance which the State would do well to improve. Individuals thus contributing, will thereby become identified with the enterprise, and feel a special interest in seeing that the investment thus unitedly made shall be religiously devoted to the cause for which it is given, and that the institution which it will call into existence shall be full of life and useful activity.

The correspondence to which we have referred is as follows:

REV. O. B. CHENEY, Principal of the Maine State Seminary.

DEAR SIR:—At a meeting of the members of the Androscoggin Agricultural Society held on the 29th of October, the following preamble and resolutions, were unanimously passed:

Whereas, It is apparent that the interests of Agriculture in the State of Maine demand the institution of a school for instruction in Chemistry applied to the cultivation of the soil;

Whereas, Nearly all the benefits of a model Agricultural school may be reaped by the institution and endowment of a department of Agricultural Chemistry in one of our Seminaries already in successful operation at a moderate expense to the State; Therefore,

Resolved, That the President and Trustees of the Androscoggin Agricultural Society are hereby requested in behalf of the Farmers of the County to petition the Legislature to institute and suitably endow a department of Agricultural Chemistry.

The Trustees feel satisfied that the Maine State Seminary offers superior facilities for the institution of such a department both on account of its location and conveniences and its prosperous condition.

Intimations having been given that the Trustees of that institution of learning would with such assistance as the State could easily afford, undertake to raise funds for the institution of a department of that nature, you would confer a favor by informing them whether such is the fact, and if so, on what conditions you would inaugurate an enterprise which could not fail to confer incalculable benefits not only upon the farmers, but upon citizens generally throughout the State. Yours very respectfully,

ACOSTUS SPRAGUE.

In behalf of the Trustees of the Androscoggin Agricultural Society.

Green, Nov. 14, 1893.

Maine State Seminary, Lewiston, Nov. 17, 1893.

DEAR SIR:—Your favor of the 14th inst., is herewith acknowledged. I need not say that the friends of the Seminary are deeply interested in the subject-matter of your communication. This may be accounted for in the fact that the people of Maine generally are awake to the importance of having the farmer educated for his profession.

A second reason for this interest is, that, such being the facilities of the Seminary a department of Agriculture can be established in connection with it at comparatively small expense to the State.

We have buildings already erected at a cost of \$36,000. We have also twenty-five acres of land—out of debt, with a few thousand dollars invested as a permanent fund.

It has been estimated that \$30,000 would be a sum sufficiently large to meet the necessities of a Professorship in Agricultural science. We will pledge ourselves to make strenuous effort to raise by private subscription half that amount. Many farmers, as well as other persons, we are confident, will be ready to subscribe. One gentleman has offered to donate one thousand dollars on certain conditions; and I should hope that others would follow his example.

Truly Yours, O. B. CHENEY.

HON. AUGUSTUS SPRAGUE, President Androscoggin Agricultural Society.

STATE TEACHERS' CONVENTION. The Waterville Mail gives a report of the doings of the Convention held at Waterville week before last. Lectures were delivered by Rev. Mr. Webb of this city on the character of Hugh Miller; by Dr. True of Bethel, on The Elements of Power; by Rev. Mr. Weston of Gorham on The Qualifications of the Schoolmaster; by Mr. I. Dole of Gorham, on Grammar; by Rev. James Burnham, of Farmington, on The Duties of the Teacher; by Walter H. Wells of Portland, on Sun Power. Rev. Dr. Champlin and Rev. Cyril Pearl discussed the subject of The best method of imparting moral and religious instruction in schools. A State Association of Teachers was permanently organized, by the adoption of a constitution and in election of officers, consisting of a president, vice president, and a secretary, Dr. N. F. True, of Bethel.

The Convention passed resolutions advising teachers to hold Town Conventions wherever practicable throughout the State, on the last Saturdays of December and January, and urging the establishment of Normal schools.

CONGRESS. The first session of the 36th Congress will convene on Monday next (Dec. 5). The Senate, if full, would consist of 66 members. It contains 36 democrats, 24 republicans, and 2 Americans, and a vacancy exists in each of the States of Minnesota, Oregon, and Texas. The House consists of 237 members of whom 110 constitute a majority. It contains 113 republicans, 101 democrats, and 23 South Americans. Of the democrats 8 are classed as "Anti-Lecomptonists." As no party has a majority in the House, its organization may be delayed for several days. Rumors have prevailed of various attempts at arrangement between the different interests, but nothing definite has been announced which affords speculation a fair guessing basis.

It is said that the President has his message ready for the press, and that it will not be more than two thirds as long as that of last year.

KEROSENE OIL. A statement is circulating, which is credited to the *Scientific American*, to the effect that Kerosene oil, costing \$1 per gallon, gives an amount of light which, compared with other fluids, should make it supersede them all for lighting dwellings. The statement is that \$4.10 of Kerosene is as good as \$12 of whale oil, \$17.70 of lard oil, \$19.60 of sperm oil or \$23.33 of what is called burning fluid.

SENATOR DOUGLASS. It is understood that the physicians of Judge Douglass unite in urging him to proceed to the coast of Florida, with a view to the restoration of his health, and also that Mrs. Douglass accompany him for a similar purpose, as soon as their strength will enable them to travel. It is not yet known, however, whether he will act on the suggestion.

A big, bold, black bear, bearing on his body a beautiful batch of bruises, was lately shot in the barn yard of Mr. Nath'l Sawyer of Cooper. He had caused considerable commotion among the citizens, capturing their calves and creating consternation among their cattle. He was five feet long and a fine fat fellow.

Kit Carson, the famous mountaineer, who was Indian Agent at Taos, New Mexico, is reported to have recently died.

WINTER. Old Winter came in just in time to heighten the joys of Thanksgiving—covering the ground with a nice clean fleece of snow, and giving the sound of the "bells, bells, bells," that, not content with crowning the sunshine joys of the great holiday, did

"Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, on the icy air of night."

We enjoyed the sleighing hugely—more, we think, than we should have done had we taken to sport upon runners, for as we looked out of our front window upon the sports of the young and vigorous, we could fancy their feelings and thoughts, while the wind did not cut the face behind the panes, nor the frost assail the slippers cold.

And then the arm chair has its own independent resources, while, after the sermon, and the dinner, a large number of the elderly sort enjoyed freely.

The snow in many parts came down for a day's visit, and was swept away by the succeeding rains. But our abides as an earnest visitation.

JOHN BROWN. On Friday next, John Brown will be hung. It has been intimated that his sentence might be delayed until the time arrived for the execution of the other prisoners, but we see no indications of such a proceeding. On the other hand, it is quite apparent that the fear of an attempt at rescue is too lively about Charleston to make the authorities anxious to prolong the period of alarms, which come especially about the person of John Brown.

The following letter from Gov. Wise, sent at rest the doubts, if any existed, as to the fate of Brown; and if his execution had not from the beginning been inevitable, would give some of his friends occasion to fear that their foolish appeals had rendered it sure:

RICHMOND, Va., Nov. 17, 1859.

REV. SIR:—The very sympathy with John Brown, no general, so fanatical, so regardless of social safety, and so irreverent of the reign of law, demands his execution, if sentenced by the Courts. The laws he insulted and outraged are now protecting all his rights of defence and claims to mercy. Truly Yours, HENRY A. WISE.

Rev. Wm. C. Whitcomb.

SAD ACCIDENT. Geo. W. Allen Esq., of this city, Cashier of Granite Bank, experienced a sad misfortune in Boston last week. With his wife he went to spend Thanksgiving day with his father in Roxbury. On Friday while passing through Cornhill Road, a chimney in Massachusetts block, standing some sixty feet high, fell over on to a small building, and several of the bricks knocking him down, and rendering him senseless. The chimney was made to fall by the movement of a telegraph wire struck by a derrick. He was immediately taken to the Massachusetts hospital and his friends in this city notified by telegraph, who in turn telegraphed to Boston, his wife and brother first learning of the accident from the Augusta dispatch. Mr. A. was immediately surrounded by his nearest friends and received the best surgical attention. It was found that his face and head were badly bruised, but it is thought the skull was not fractured. The left eye is much swollen. A letter received here on Monday evening, which reports his condition on Sunday at 12 o'clock, states that the attending surgeon does not consider him out of danger—that the nature of the injury may not yet be developed—but that he is sensible, can move himself; appears strong, with a regular pulse; is not feverish; sleeps well. All things appear favorable. Mr. Allen's fellow citizens of Augusta entertain a lively concern in respect to his sudden misfortune, and hopes for his early restoration are deeply felt and widely shared.

JAMES G. BLAINE Esq., in the Portland Advertiser, announces his retirement from the position he has occupied for nearly three years as editor in chief of that journal. The cause of the proceeding is not stated, and we infer that it is wholly private.

We greatly regret the loss of Mr. Blaine from the editorial force of Maine, for we like to keep in the ranks all the valuable editorial material we have here down cast. It matters not to us, of course, whether democrats or republicans lose or gain by the withdrawal from the ring of one of their gladiators, but we have a common pride in whatever of genius or of force such champions bring to the arena. Mr. Blaine has natural endowments which would make him a forcible character in any station. He has had the benefit of varied experience and thorough training. He is an acute observer of men and things, and his memory is retentive in an unusual degree. He has, moreover, the faculty of readily adjusting his powers to new relations, and, as a writer, has remarkable facility of statement. As a principal contributor to the columns of the *Kennebec Journal*, and lately to those of the *Advertiser*, his talents have commanded general recognition, and given him a foremost rank among journalists. We trust that after not many days we may find him again, with editorial harness on, and near to us at hand.

"A GREAT NEWSPAPER." Under this title the *Rockland Gazette* notices the publication of B. F. Chandler in Augusta in 1832, called "The Star," a sheet measuring 34 by 84 inches. The paper referred to was the enterprise of a boy who was "sole editor, proprietor, and printer," and worked off his paper "semi-monthly, on Thursday," at the reasonable price of 4 cents a month. Frank was a smart and ingenious lad, and foreshadowed a likely man as he is. He had a boy friend in the newspaper line at that time, whose journal was about the same size, and lived about as long. They both took subscriptions of four cents for a month, in advance, and did better than some men do with newspaper enterprises, for they continued their publications till the money was fairly exhausted, leaving no occasion for antiquaries of the present time to despise the day of small things.

SOCIAL GATHERING. There was a very pleasant social gathering at the mansion of Hon. JAMES W. BRADY, on Friday evening of last week. The occasion was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the matrimonial alliance between the ex-senator and his good wife. The guests comprised a considerable number of their friends and fellow citizens who from the complacent elevation of middle age look down upon the two slopes of human life.

Goward's Register copies from a London paper an article which undertakes to give a statement of the circulation of the agricultural newspapers of this country. It says "Maine has a paper with a circulation of 5000." Now Maine has several newspapers largely devoted to agriculture, and one that we know of, whose increasing circulation already exceeds 9000. Will Brother Goward Register the correction?

The Waterville Mail appears with a new head—to be it is typographical body. We are not sure that it is an improvement. And right glad are we that the "old head" that presides over the whole is not changed; it would be hard to improve by displacing that.

On Monday last the steamer Seor left our port for that of Portland—it being her last port for the two cities for the season.

The last Aroostook Pioneer contains some generous words that are like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY

WAYSIDE NOTES OF FRAYM—NO. 21.

NO. 11, or AULAND. Whether this is a town or plantation is in doubt. The legislature incorporated it some two or three years ago. A town organization was effected by some of the people, whilst others chose their plantation officers, and so like Kansas that is, it is uncertain whether it is a state or territory, town or plantation. The question is before the court, and gentlemen "learned in the law" will, no doubt, in due time decide. It is, however, a beautiful place, having but one drawback to its prosperity, and that is a—I will not say what, for fear I shall offend somebody, but it is something about rum. This place has some wealthy citizens in proportion to the whole number, than perhaps any other place in Maine. A gentleman who claimed that he knew, gave me the estimated wealth of thirteen men of this place, who are supposed to be the most wealthy, as amounting in the aggregate to two hundred and thirty thousand dollars. In 1850, there were but thirty-five persons in the place. One of these, who was set down as worth \$3,000, was but a few years since worth comparatively nothing, and he has made it all by farming.

SALMON BROOK. This is a place on the Aroostook river, about half way between Presque Isle and No. 11. It is a beautiful place, shut in from the rest of the world, but has been settled some twenty years, and had in 1850, sixty-eight inhabitants. The farms are excellent, the buildings finished and in good repair, the people courteous and intelligent, and it is a desirable home for any person wishing to remove to a new country. I was ferried over the river by two young ladies, their father being absent. The Aroostook girls spin and weave; work in the open air—in the hay field, if necessary; row the boat when the boys are absent; help their mothers cook; walk two, three, or four miles to meeting on pleasant Sabbaths; and are no ignorant that they do not know that all this is very "unlady-like." Blessed be such ignorance; and may they, and their daughters, never learn to be "genteel."

CROPS OF AROOSTOOK. Every description of farm crop was this year, as it is every year, abundant. Almost fabulous amounts of grain are raised by the farmers.

E. Trafout of No. 11, in 1857, raised 1150 bushels of oats on twenty acres, or at the rate of 57 bushels to the acre; in 1858, he raised 1195 bushels, at the rate of 614 bushels to the acre; in 1859, he raised 1200 bushels on twenty-three acres, or 52 bushels to the acre. The land on which this grain was raised, has been cropped seven years in succession without any manure.

Hon. George Smith of No. 11, raised, a few years since, 1100 bushels of oats on twenty-two acres of land which it cost him \$10 per acre to clear, or \$220 for the whole piece. His oats sold for 50 cents per bushel—\$550 for the whole; leaving him a clear profit of \$230.

John Allen, Esq., of Mayville, raised, in 1858, 1036 bushels of wheat. He told me that he had a barn, 40 by 50 feet, filled as full as it could be packed, with bushels of wheat.

Freeman Ellis, Esq., of Fort Fairfield, raised this year, 8 bushels of onions on 400 square feet of land.

R. B. Campbell of Haynesville, raised this year, more than 1000 bushels of potatoes.

These are a few only of the crops of which I heard or saw. Nothing is more common than to hear persons say: I have 1000, 600, or 500 bushels of grain. A man need only to sow or plant the seed, and he is sure of a crop.

THE WALTON NERISSES, AMITY. Some ten or twelve years since, Milo Walton, Esq., having been somewhat unsuccessful in other business, purchased a run-down rocky farm in the town of Amity, and commenced the cultivation of fruit trees, and the rearing of bees. I was there in 1853, and Mr. Walton kindly took me over his farm, and made me acquainted with his manner of operating. He was cultivating a great many varieties of apples, pears and plums, with great success, making his fruit raising and bees very profitable, as well as pleasant—his whole soul being in the work. Mr. Walton died in the midst of his usefulness, in 1854. Since then, his widow, with true womanly perseverance and energy, has prosecuted the business of her husband, managing it herself, hiring the labor done, and overseeing the whole. She has now at least twenty thousand trees of the size suitable to be set in the orchard and grafted, which she wishes to sell. The people of Aroostook cannot make a better investment than to purchase of her in the spring, and commence orchards, which in a few years will yield a rich dividend.

One of the most skillful orchardists in this State—Winthrop Chapman, Esq., of Exeter—says that trees should not be grafted until they are set where they are intended permanently to remain, and then grafted on the limbs. There are thousands of Mr. Walton's trees which are just what persons setting out orchards want—hardy, vigorous and thrifty. Will not the farmers remember about the apple trees in the spring, and buy of Mrs. Walton?

PORK RAISING IN AROOSTOOK. Mr. Ward and his son S. G. Ward, of Limestone, were very successful raisers of pork. Mr. Ward introduced me to six beautiful specimens of the swine tribe, that were nearly ready for slaughter, and which he said would weigh at least five hundred each. This ton and a half of pork, he had made wholly on buckwheat shorts. He told me that last year they had fifteen hundred bushels of buckwheat. This they had ground, and sold the flour for as much as the buckwheat was worth. He had also eleven sows, which he intended to winter, that he had raised from one of his sows, besides number of pigs sold. Mr. Ward's piggy is well known to all. He has a yard where his hogs manufacture large quantities of manure; the apartments for eating and sleeping are distinct, and the whole is kept clean and neat as the houses in which some people live. The whole is cleaned out and new litter supplied daily. If the farmers of Maine would embark in the pork raising business, with the intelligence and skill manifested by Mr. Ward, in two years western pork would find a poor market here.

SOMETHING CAN BE MADE BY FARMING. Mr. Charles House of Lee, has kindly permitted me to say to the world what he has done by farming. "I had," said he, "five years ago, not a hundred dollars in the world; a large family to maintain, and only my hands to do it with. Since then, I have paid \$700 for my land; built a good house, which cost not less than \$700 more; maintained my family; have now fifteen head of cattle, a horse, and several sheep; a farm under good improvement, and don't owe more than \$100 in the world." He has done it all by farming. He takes the *Maine Farmer*, pays for it, and he and his sons profit by reading it. He never raises good crops by having "good luck," but because he prepares his land well, plants and sows in season, uses good seed, and is sure of a good crop. The following is a specimen of his crops, and how he gets them:

Three years ago, his son, John House, cut four heads of two-rowed barley in a wheat field, which all came from one seed. These he carefully preserved and sowed the next year, and what he raised that year he sowed the next, until this year he has raised on three-fourths of an acre, 48 bushels, or in other words, at the rate of 64 bush-

els to the acre. Thus, from one kernel, in four years, he has raised 48 bushels. If any one wants some of this barley for seed next year, I presume they can obtain some of Mr. House by sending to him at Lee, accompanying the order with the cash, at the rate of \$2 per bushel.

Mr. House is also great on beans. This year he raised 40 bushels. In 1857, he raised 80 bushels.

For the Maine Farmer.

ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES.

The hall of the Sons of Temperance, at South China, was filled with a highly intelligent and appreciative audience, on Thursday evening last, (17th) to listen to the exercises of the Philomathean Society of Fair Field Select School.

Rev. Mr. Leonard of Waterville, delivered the Oration. It was an eloquent exposition of the true aim of scholarship. He decided, in no measured terms, exclusive devotion to books; dealt out with unsparring hand a castigation to those who, devoid of love for true science and the world around them, are yet skillful in the texts of old authors, recite in matters of doubtful utility, and converse merely with the grammar and forms of different languages.

With the aid of the microscope, the tiny and almost imperceptible blossoms of the maple and elm become large, beautiful and perfect flowers. So to the true lover of science, the most minute objects become matters of interest and attention.

To his mind, each rock, each insect, every bird that wings the air, or flower that glistens in the morning dew, is eloquent with lessons of beauty, symmetry and perfection. He becomes animated with that genius which

All nature where it sheds a smile, Impregnable Nature swifter than the Nile, Will and gigantic, high as Heaven aspire, All science animates, all virtue fires; Greater ideal worlds, and there converse Aerial forms and visionary scenes.

In conclusion, the orator referred briefly to a number of distinguished individuals, paying a glowing tribute to the memory and genius of A. J. Downing, and to the courage, untiring energy and unflinching devotion of the lamented Elisha Kent Kane.

Time forbids our giving more than the merest abstract of this highly interesting production, richly set with gems of the noblest thought and purest aspirations. Mr. Leonard has the rare faculty of conveying his thoughts in such a manner as to hold his audience spell-bound from the beginning to the end of his discourse.

The Exhibition took place on Saturday evening, the 19th inst., and notwithstanding the rain fell in torrents, a large and appreciative audience gathered to listen to the exercises, which certainly reflected great credit on all concerned.

Twist.

A SATISFACTORY DESPOT. Mr. G. S. Hillard, writing from France to the Boston Courier contrasts the condition of Paris in 1848 with that of Paris in 1850, as evidence that the Emperor Napoleon has been a great benefactor to the people of that city. At the former period, before the star of Napoleon had appeared above the horizon, Paris was melancholy, uneasy, and apprehensive; property was depreciated, labor in no demand, beggars swarmed, strangers were few, and business of all kinds stagnant. But now, everybody is gay and joyous, labor finds ready employment, very few beggars are seen in the streets, everybody seems to have money in his pocket, the hotels are crowded, the shops full of customers, and everywhere, by night and by day, an atmosphere of exhilaration envelopes one. The Emperor has his uncle's power of making his mark upon the surface of the earth, and has exercised it for many years on a scale of imperial magnificence, and generally under the guidance of excellent taste; streets have been improved and extended, unsightly structures removed, new and beautiful ones substituted. "The beautiful architecture, the pure and smokeless air, the unpolluted river, the gardens, the fountains, the Champs Elysees with the streams of happy life that flow through them, the Bois de Boulogne, elevate the spirits and pour sunshine upon the soul; and the human beings that we see, men, women and children, are not only happy and are well pleased that you should see that they are happy."

Mr. Hillard also contrasts the cheerful look of Paris with the dusky mood of London, and says that in spite of the community of language, the latter is far less attractive to an American than the former. During his two week's stay in London he saw less than a dozen Americans; at Paris they were encountered at every turn. He says: "Much as Louis Napoleon has done for Paris, his plans for its improvement and embellishment are by no means completed. In many places the work of demolition and reconstruction is going on; new avenues are opening, and old buildings are removing. When all these magnificent designs shall have been carried out, it will be but faint praise to say that Paris will be the most beautiful city in Europe."

Mr. H., therefore, (after the manner of Dr. Johnson, who said of somebody that though a scoundrel, he was a satisfactory scoundrel,) adds that the Emperor of the French is a despot, but a satisfactory despot.

PHILLIPS, SANFORD, & Co. The sales, by auction, of the stock of this late firm, took place in Boston last week. It was largely attended and was successful. The Boston papers say that the sales amounted to about \$100,000. Among the other sales the stereotypes of Byron bought \$1505; Shakespeare, \$1300; Scott, (complete), \$1300; Tom Moore, \$900; Burns, \$1150; Milton, \$950; Hemans, \$800. These were all bought by W. Lee, formerly one of the partners of the firm. The set of Rolfe Books, by Jacob Abbott, fourteen volumes, were sold to Sheldon & Co. of New York, for \$425. The Choral Harmony, by Baker, sold for \$1000, and many other sets at the same rate. The total amount of the sale of plates amounted to about \$46,000.

INCENDIARY LANGUAGE IN WASHINGTON. The newspapers of Washington city say that on the day succeeding Thanksgiving, Dr. Reed, formerly an examiner in the Patent Office, was arraigned before Justice Down on the charge of uttering incendiary language, and required to give security in the sum of \$2000 to keep the peace. It appears that the objectionable words were uttered in the presence of several persons—Senator Seward's views being the topic of conversation—and soon thereafter were published in the *States and Union* newspapers; hence his arrest.

FIRST TRAIN OVER VICTORIA BRIDGE. A dispatch from Montreal, dated Nov. 25, announces that the first train, consisting of an engine and car, loaded with passengers, passed safely over Victoria Bridge. Two of the tubes are not quite finished, but the bridge is expected to be fully completed and thrown open to traffic about the middle of December.

SINGING SCHOOL. Mr. G. W. Lancaster, who has just closed a very successful term of instruction in singing, advertises the commencement of another School on Wednesday evening of this week. We advise all who wish to acquire proficiency in vocal music to avail themselves of this opportunity.

The friends of John Brown are raising a fund for his family, by causing his photographs to be sold throughout the country for \$1 each, the fund receiving the amount above the cost of the pictures.

NEWSPAPER.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY. The December number of this magazine, which closes the fourth volume, has the following table of contents: The Experience of Samuel Abalom, Filibuster; The Minister's Wooing; The Northern Lights and Stars; Thomas Paine in England and France; Elkanah Brewster's Temptation; Magdalena; Strange Countries for a see; Beauty at Billiards; Italy, 1859; The Aurora Borealis; The Professor at the Breakfast Table; Reviews and Literary Notices.

We infer that the "Professor at the Breakfast Table" has concluded his talk. His story of Inez is ended, and the Verso which crowns it we have preserved for our readers on the last page of this paper. The number before us affords ample promise that Ticknor & Fields will maintain the excellence which has characterized their magazine.

COSMOPOLITAN ART JOURNAL. The December number of this quarterly magazine, the price of which is \$2 per year, but which is furnished free to subscribers to the Association, has been sent us. It embraces about 70 royal octavo pages of excellent magazine literature, from the pens of Henry T. Tuckerman, N. P. Willis, Alice Carey, and other celebrities. The principal illustration is a steel engraving, by J. Rogers, from an original painting of a nursery scene: "This little pig went to market." A mother has her little one of two years in her lap, telling the story of the "Little Pig" on its toes. The expression is very happy, and the scene interesting.

The Muse.

A SUNDAY HYMN.

BY G. W. HOLMES.

Lord of all being! thrice afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere;
To each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life, thy waking ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy shining light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noonday is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-living throne
We ask no justice of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altar claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

—Atlantic Monthly.

The Story Teller.

LIGHT IN A DARK PLACE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

There are men who get into the habit of looking only upon the shadowed side of things. They fret themselves with gloomy forebodings. They prophesy evil continually. And when days of darkness come, as come they do in all our lives, they sit down and say that there will never be sunlight again.

Mr. Watson was one of this class—a brooding, silent man, whose presence in his family was always felt as the shadow of a cloud that hid the pleasant sunshine. Mrs. Watson, in the cheerful temper, but easily taking the aspect of what was around her, had gradually changed, until her mind was as dark-hued as that of her husband. Little things fretted them, and so life became made up of a series of petty annoyances.

This was not a genial home for children, though children came pressing into it, and filling its dim chambers with discord instead of music. They did not grow beautiful, like healthy plants open to the sunshine, but mentally deformed, for lack of pure air, warmth, and culture.

And so there came now and then a gleam to the mind of Mr. Watson, in forebodings as to the future of his children; and, in truth, the promise was by no means flattering. The oldest boy was passionate and self-willed; the second child, a girl, fretful and annoyed with everything that was not done smoothly; the third of the brood, a perfect little outlaw in his propensity to invade the rights of every member of the family; and the baby, so fond of showing the strength of her lungs, that she cried through nearly all her waking hours.

One night, late in autumn, Mr. and Mrs. Watson, sat alone, their children, after an unusually discordant time, having been whipped all round, baby included, and put to bed. Mrs. Watson had her sewing in her hands, and was bending close down over her work, as if in the effort to lessen the capacity of her boom for trouble, while her husband sat a little turned from her, in moody abstraction.

"I sometimes wish they'd never been born," said Mr. Watson, giving vent to his feelings in a low, monotonous tone of voice. "There's little chance of their coming to any good. I never saw such children. John's passionate temper will be certain to plunge him, as a man, into scenes of violence; and as for Dick, unless a miracle prevent, he'll turn out a thief or a robber. He has no respect for the rights or property of others."

Mrs. Watson answered only by a long, deep sigh, as she bent still lower over her work.

"That Martin is going to cheat me, I believe, after all." Mr. Watson's thoughts were running in a new direction.

"You don't think so?" His wife raised her sober face, and turned towards him.

"I do think so. I trusted him like a brother, and unless I am greatly mistaken, he is about playing me false, like a villain."

"How much is he indebted to you now?"

"Over six thousand dollars; and if I lose that sum, there's no hope for me. I shall go down like a man, there's no truce in mid ocean."

"What a hard thing it is to live in this world!" sighed Mrs. Watson. "If one were but safely out of it!"

"Or, if we had never been born," said her husband, and turned towards him.

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THE MAINE FARMER: AN

"I will run home with her and keep her for to-night," replied Mrs. Watson.

"You're a houseful of your own."

"I know; but we can make room for one more."

"It will be true charity," said the neighbor.

So Mrs. Watson ran home with the little girl in her arms. Ellen was already asleep when she entered the room where her husband sat moodily before the grate.

"Poor Mrs. Jenkins is dead!" she exclaimed, in a low but excited tone.

"Dead!" Her husband repeated the words in a half bewildered manner.

"Yes, she passed, just now, to the better world, and I've brought this motherless little one home to keep her until tomorrow. Oh, John! it would have made your heart ache could you have seen what I did—this child lying upon the bosom of her dead mother." And tears fell over Mrs. Watson's cheeks.

"Was there no one but you to take her? It seems to me, that of all others, you should have been spared this part of the business."

Mr. Watson's voice was cold and fretful. "We've trouble enough with our own children."

"I shall only keep her for to-night," was replied to this ungracious welcome of the little orphan.

"To-night! Yes; I see. Pray what will you do with her to-morrow morning?" Mr. Watson's thoughts, ever suspicious of something wrong, were pushing queries as to the disposition of Ellen, already into the future.

"There's no time to think of to-morrow, John," Mrs. Watson rejoined, with some feeling. "Our duty, to-night, is to shelter this child, and let us do that duty as cheerfully as possible."

And saying this she went up stairs with the unconscious sleeper in her arms, and placed her in bed alongside of one of her own children. She then stood looking out at the calm, sweet face, on which not a line of sorrow had yet been drawn, until her eyes were blinded by tears.

"Who's that child?" she heard asked of one of her neighbors by another, as she re-entered the chamber where, a little while before, a spirit had arisen from its mortal interment.

"Mrs. Watson," was the reply that came to her ears.

"I'm glad of that. She's a kind-hearted woman, and the little orphan will get a good home."

"I don't suppose that she means to keep her. She has a house full of her own."

"One more will make little difference. I know something of Mrs. Watson's heart; and if she has the child for to-night, my word for it, she has her good and all. Who else is there to take her? No one in this town."

The room was filled with women, who had come in on hearing of Mrs. Jenkins' death; and so, seeing that her presence there would be of little use, Mrs. Watson quietly retired, and ran back to her home. The neighbor's conclusion in the case weighed a little heavily on her mind. Nothing could have driven her away from the thought of adopting the child; but what was she to do with her on the morrow? She could not be sent back to remain in her old home, for she and her mother had been its only inmates.

What was to be done with her on the day after to-morrow, and on the day after that? There was the Parsonage. But even the remote suggestion of that came like a shock to the feelings of Mrs. Watson. She found her husband waiting the floor of their sitting-room, on her return, his face even more shadowed than when she left him but a little while before.

"Look here, Ruth," said he, pausing in his walk, and turning full upon her, "what are you going to do with that child, to-morrow? Tell me that."

Now, Mrs. Watson could not have asked his wife a more perplexing question, nor one likely to bring a less satisfactory answer.

"It will be time enough to meet that question when to-morrow comes," she replied, trying to put a cheerful face on the matter.

Her husband looked at her for a few moments with heavily knit brows, and then resumed his walk. Mrs. Watson went up stairs to lay aside her shawl, and to take a glance at the sleeping children. The only child really looked at with interest, however, was the little stranger.

"Poor child! Poor motherless one!" The heart of Mrs. Watson moved on her lips. "What is to become of you in this selfish, cruel world?"

"I don't mean to blame you, Ruth," said her husband, when she came down. "But still, you were wrong to bring that child here. Why didn't you let some other neighbor take her home? We'll never get rid of her, unless we send her to the almshouse."

"Wait, John—wait," replied Mrs. Watson. "Wait until to-morrow comes. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

"And more than sufficient; that is my experience."

"No, John; in that you are mistaken," said his wife, calmly. "You forget your experience. The evil of our to-days is always light compared with the evil of our to-morrows."

"We've our hands full in taking care of our own children." The words of his wife had made but a light impression on the mind of Mr. Watson.

"God never sends mouths without food to fill them," replied Mrs. Watson.

"You don't mean to keep that child?" Her husband turned upon her a look of astonishment.

"I don't particularly mean anything. I only said that God never sends mouths without food to fill them; and I scarcely think there will be an exception in little Ellen's case. As to where the food is to come from, or by whose hands it will reach her mouth, that is a matter beyond the stretch of my forebodings. I only know this, that it will not hurt us to be the medium for a day or two."

"No, not for a day or two; but—"

"Oh, John! John! When will you learn to look for the bright side of things?"

"Bright side! Humph! If you can imagine a bright side in this case, your fancy must be wonderfully fruitful. Four children make a very bedlam of the house, and tax our powers of work to the utmost. Will five reduce the evil? I trow not. Ah me! the plot is thickening."

"Don't fret yourself for nothing, John!" Mrs. Watson was bolder than usual with her husband's gloomy statements. "We haven't taken the child, and there is no need of our doing so. She's a sweet little creature, and there is more of a childlike home in our town. There's Mrs. Glenn—she thought comes to me this moment—she hasn't a chick of her own, and I know she's got children. My word for it, she'll take the girl, and maybe adopt her. That will be a fine thing for her, won't it?"

"Too good luck to come to our door," was the chilling answer. "If any one else had taken this child home, no doubt Mrs. Glenn would have picked her up at once. But don't flatter yourself with any such notion in our case."

"John Watson, you are incorrigible!" retorted his wife. "But come, it is bedtime, and I feel worn out with my day's work."

They went up to their bed-room, out of which a sweet mother, who John, the oldest, and the youngest brother Dick said, Grace had a low trundle-bed in her mother's room, and the baby occupied a crib. The little stranger was sleeping with Grace.

AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY

"Just look at her, John," said Mrs. Watson, holding the light near to Ellen's face. "Did you ever see anything more like a picture? Poor baby! Poor motherless one!"

The man tried not to look, but in spite of himself his eyes turned to the sleeper's face. It was, indeed, a picture of innocence and beauty, and one that touched his heart.

"Poor child!" There was so much feeling in the tones of his voice that his wife looked at him in sudden surprise. But he managed to turn his face a little away, so as to conceal from her an expression that he was not able, in a moment, to control.

With a woman's quickness of perception, Mrs. Watson saw that it would be best to let her husband alone with the tender feeling which had found a way into his heart. So she set her lamp down, and without another word, made preparation for retiring. But her mind was all on the child, and she did not escape her that the eyes of her husband sought, over and over again, the lovely face of that orphan sleeper.

"Won't Grace be surprised when she wakes in the morning?" said Mrs. Watson, breaking the silence which had been maintained since the husband uttered the words, "Poor child!"

"Better say, won't our little stranger be surprised to find herself in bedlam. I'm afraid the children will worry her to death."

"I hope not. We must see to that," Mrs. Watson spoke with some uneasiness of mind, for there was no calculation to be made as to the conduct of her unmanageable brood; and yet, below this feeling was one of pleasure at the evident interest a single glance at Ellen had awakened in her husband.

The sweet sleep that comes as a blessing to life's earnest toilers, soon looked their senses in oblivion; and Mrs. Watson, occasionally interrupted in her deeper slumber by the wants and cries of her babe, was not distinctly conscious of anything until fully awakened by Grace, a little after daylight on the next morning.

"Mother! Mother!" The child pulled at her arm, and spoke in a low, excited whisper. "Mother, who is it?"

"Who?" Mrs. Watson was bewildered. The scenes of the night before had faded from her memory.

"Who is it? Where did she come from? Oh, Mother! isn't she sweet?"

The truth flashed upon the mind of Mrs. Watson, who raised herself quickly, and bending over, saw Ellen lying, still sound asleep, just as she had placed her on the night before. She put her finger to her lips in sign of silence, and then, with a serious face and tone, said, "Poor child! Her Mother died last night, and we must be very good to her."

The countenance of Grace showed instantly an expression of tender pity.

"Who is she, Mother?"

"It is little Ellen Jenkins. Don't you remember her?"

"Oh, yes. Is Mrs. Jenkins dead?"

"Poor Mrs. Jenkins is dead; and her little Ellen has no mother to love her, or care for her."

The heart of Grace was touched.

"We'll all be very good to her. She shall have my doll to play with, and I'll show her all the pretty things I've got." And the child, after this, slipped away from the side of her mother, and went lightly back to the trundle-bed. As she did so, the blue eyes of Ellen opened. Ere the look of surprise which she threw around her had faded, a light was held before her by Grace, who said:

"See my doll! Don't you want to play with it?"

A smile lit up the child's face, and she reached out her hands for the toy.

Next Grace brought out her doll's dress, and then one playing after another, spreading them around on the bed, until Ellen sat, wondering and delighted, in the midst of a perfect storehouse of childish treasures.

"John! John!" Mrs. Watson shook the still sleeping husband.

"What is it?" he asked, when fairly awake.

"Look over on the trundle-bed," was whispered.

Mr. Watson raised up and looked, as directed. He said nothing, but it was some moments before he turned his eyes away from the pleasant scene that captivated them. It was a long time since he had known so peaceful an awakening. Usually, fretful cries, or stormy contentions among the children, greeted his ears in the morning, and thus opened the days for him in discord.

But now came a sound from the adjoining chamber. The two boys, John and Dick, were awake, and this foreboded the usual storm of angry words. Mrs. Watson went in to them, walking on tip-toe, and with her finger on her lips.

"John! Dick! It's a-a-a!" Her unusual look and manner at once arrested their attention, she said, in almost a whisper, and with a sober countenance:

"I've something to tell you."

"You know Mrs. Jenkins? Well, she died last night."

The children's faces grew serious.

"And her poor little Ellen is now an orphan, with no one in the world to love her."

John leaned over towards his mother, and looked at her with an expression of sad interest, while Dick sat very still, with his eyes cast down.

"I've something more to tell you," continued the mother, after a pause. They gazed with earnest interest into her face.

"Little Ellen is in our room. I brought her home with me last night, after her mother died, and she slept in bed with Grace."

Something of pity, and something of surprise blended in the boys' faces.

"You must be very gentle, and very kind to her. Poor little thing! I don't it to think that she has no mother. And now, boys get up, and dress yourselves with as little noise as possible. Don't let her hear a loud or angry word. Think of her mother now lying dead, and I'm sure for her sake, you will be as quiet as lambs!"

No further admonition was required, stillness, and good temper of the children for that morning, and, indeed, for the whole day, were memorable. If there was any strife among them, it was as to who should be kindest to the motherless little one. The breakfast hour passed to Mr. Watson something like a dream, and when he went forth for the day's business, it was in a state of mental quietude such as he had not known for years. Still, he did not clearly appreciate the meaning of all this, worried himself at intervals through the forenoon, over the question of what they should do with little Ellen. As to absorbing her into their family, that thought, if it had found an entrance into his mind, would have been instantly rejected as wholly impracticable, if not preposterous.

In his usual, self-sufficient mood, came Mr. Watson home at dinner-time. If he thought of the poor orphan at all, it was with the feeling of one upon whom is forced an unpleasant duty. On entering the house, he was soon conscious of a strange stillness. Usually the first sound that greeted his ears was a racket, or the noise of strife among the children. Now, all was hushed as if death had intruded upon his dwelling. Pacing to the sitting-room, Mr. Watson paused in the door, and looked on, silent and wondering, at the scene that met his eyes. John

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at reading a book, so absorbed in its contents as not to notice him. On the floor were Grace and the little stranger, happy in the midst of their playthings, while outland Dick, subdued by some invisible power into gentleness itself, was lying near them, stretched at full length on the carpet, and watching them with a face that beamed with interest. A few moments passed before the children noticed their father; Dick was the first to observe him. Getting up quietly from the floor, he went over to where he stood, and taking hold of his hand, said—

"Isn't she a dear little thing, father? And she's so good."

Ellen now becoming aware of Mr. Watson's presence, turned her sweet face upon him, with a half timid, yet pleased and confiding expression that went to his heart. He moved a few steps towards her; she got up and stood looking at him; he reached out his hands—what else could he do? In the next instant she was in his arms, and her little head with its cloud of sunny curls lying against his bosom. Mr. Watson sat down with this precious burden in his arms, and as he did so, John laid aside his book, and with Dick and Grace, came gathering around him, each with a face wreathed in pleasant smiles. There was no contention among them as to position or preference, each seemed to think most of pleasing the child.

Not a harsh word was spoken, not a discordant sound heard. When the dinner-bell rang, Mr. Watson went down stairs with Ellen in his arms, and surprised his waiting wife with a new tale in the shifting scenes of home. She smiled, and he smiled back, in spite of a half shy consciousness of being seen in a new and unusual character.

"Which is Ellen's place?" said he, as he stood by the table.

"Here! let her sit by me," cried Grace.

"No, let her sit by me," said John. "I want her to sit by me."

Their cheeks flushed. There were signs of contention.

"She shall sit by me, just where you can all look at her," Mr. Watson decided the question by putting Ellen in a chair adjacent of himself. He spoke with cheerfulness, but decision; and so the gathering cloud was dispersed.

Another meal-time passed without a single jar of discord. Wonderful phenomena! Surely, the angel of peace had come to this dwelling.

All that afternoon the mind of Mr. Watson was in a condition of singular tranquillity. Nothing went wrong with him. It seemed as if he had entered upon a new state of life. When he took his wife homeward, as the evening shadows began to fall, it was with the pleasant image of the child Ellen in his thoughts.

"Poor motherless little one!" he said, to himself. "She is too tender and sweet, too pure and good, to be cast out upon the homeless world."

When sympathy records itself in utterance, it naturally gains strength. It was so in this case, for as Mr. Watson continued with his thoughts, giving them the form of inwardly spoken words, he talked on after this wise—

"There is something remarkable about the child. She seems to possess some talisman for winning hearts. Since she came into our house, the whole sphere is different. Where all was disorder, quiet reigns; and angry contention has given place to forbearance, if not love."

Mr. Watson was soon at his own door. As he pressed it open, his ears were greeted by the words:

"There's Father! Run, Ellen, and meet Father."

A patter of little feet, a dancing of golden curls, and flutter of white hands, and then the charmer was hugged tightly to the bosom of Mr. Watson.

"God bless the child!" was the deep, involuntary utterance of his heart, as he laid his lips fervently to hers, and kissed them.

The work was done, so far as the little orphan was concerned. All things in the ill-assorted household of the Watsons had re-adjusted themselves, taking on new aspects and relations, so that as the sun of Heaven came shining down, as it does for each and every one, it could find reflective surfaces, and throw around on all hearts its light, its warmth, its cheerfulness and joy.

"What shall we do with Ellen?" asked Mrs. Watson of her husband, on the afternoon of the next day. They were returning from the funeral of Mrs. Jenkins.

"Keep her, of course," was his unhesitating answer.

"Our family is large, and you are already heavily burdened in its support," suggested the wife.

"If her presence, Ruth, continues to work such miracles at home," said Mr. Watson, "the burden will lose more than half its pressure. She is an angel in our house—a light in the midst of our darkness."

"It seems like a miracle, the change that has come over our children. They are like other beings."

"Let us keep her then, for their sakes, as well as for our own," was the earnest response.

And they did keep the little orphan, who grew up in the midst of that household, a light and a blessing. It was remarkable, the power she possessed over all hearts. Not in demonstration, or intrusion of herself in any way, but in the loving sphere that went out from her unconsciously, like the subduing fragrance of a beautiful flower. It was good for them that her mother died. Out of sorrow and bereavement, there had come a great blessing—a blessing to the orphan, as well as a blessing to the friends who had made a place for her among their children.—Ladies' Home Mag.

THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON.

A year or two since, I paid a visit to a singular-looking old building in the valley of Virginia called "Greenway Court." A hundred years ago it was the residence of Thomas, sixth Earl of Fairfax, who owned by royal grant the whole tract lying between the Rappahannock and Potomac rivers, from Chesapeake Bay to the Alleghenies. Lord Fairfax was an eccentric old nobleman, and "Greenway" is a curious structure, with its long veranda, its dormer windows, and two bellies in which were once placed bells probably intended to sound the alarm, in case of an Indian attack. But Fairfax, who lived the long ago have been lost sight of by all save the diligent student of history, had it not been for a single incident in his life. He happened to make the acquaintance of a Virginia boy, whom he employed to survey his possessions, and in fact educated for the great career which he was to pursue. The name of this boy was GEORGE WASHINGTON.

This old nobleman had been cruelly disappointed in a love affair in England. Wary with fashionable life in which he had done as a "fine gentleman" of the first water, and soured by his experience of the fair sex, he emigrated to the possessions in Virginia, and took up his abode at "Greenway Court," the country seat of his cousin, Sir William Fairfax, on the Potomac. Sir William had married one of the Washington family, who lived at Mount Vernon, not far from Belvoir, and this circumstance led to an acquaintance between the Earl and young George Washington, then sixteen years old. He was a well-grown youth, of an athletic frame, agreeable manners, and advanced character for one of his age. The tradition is that at this time, he was, like the Earl, disappointed in love; and longed for some active employment. The two persons shared the same tastes. Both were extremely fond of the sports of the field, especially of fox hunting. Many a time the nobleman and his youthful companion dashed on, side by side, in pursuit of reynard; and when they were not thus actively engaged, George sat by the fireside and listened to the conversation of the Earl, drinking in with deep interest, anecdotes of Addison, Bolingbroke, Swift, and the great men of the days of Queen Anne, with whom Lord Fairfax had lived on terms of intimacy. A strong friendship thus grew up between the man of fifty and the boy of sixteen. Fairfax soon discovered the youth's strength of character—his resolution, prudence and reliability. The result was that he proposed to young George the task of surveying his lands beyond the Blue Ridge. This proposition was at once accepted. It jumped with the humor of the boy who longed for adventure, new scenes, and regular employment. His preparations were soon made, and in the month of March, 1748, he set out with a young relative of Fairfax, for the wild lands of the West. I have frequently visited the scenes of his sojourn in the valley, and I never behold them without realizing as it were, the actual presence of the ardent boy. I see him crossing the Shenandoah, at what is now Berry's Ferry, in Ashby's Gap, and no trait of his appearance is wanting. I see the bright-faced youth, with his curling hair, his clear eyes, his erect form, and firm lips. He carries his rifle, surveying instruments, and knapsack strapped behind his saddle—keeping a sharp lookout for Indians or other game;—and wended thus his way toward "Lord Fairfax's," as he calls it in his brief journal—that is, the old house of "Greenway" to which I have referred. After a short sojourn here, where he laid down some surveys, and admired the splendid trees, he proceeded towards the Potomac. Ascending the banks of that stream, he went up the "South Branch" valley; and after surveying the region, returned to Greenway Court. Here, after his various expeditions, he seems to have met Lord Fairfax, who had removed west of the Blue Ridge, and taken up his residence in the wilderness, never to return to England more. It was a wild life, and a singular character, which the youthful Washington now lived and looked upon. Lord Fairfax was a true Nimrod. He had brought to the new world the English passion for hunting; and this taste he was now in a condition to gratify to any extent. The mountains around Greenway Court were filled with bear, elk, panthers, foxes, and every species of game—and to destroy these denizens of the woods, soon became the regular employment of the Earl. His surroundings were all picturesque and suggestive. He had assembled a sort of backwoods court, at his house in the wilderness; and the man who had flitted the fane of Duchesses, and walked arm in arm with Lord Bolingbroke, and the famous Mr. Joseph Addison, in London, now contented himself with the society of frontiersmen, hunters, and trappers. All about the green in front of his rude building, dogs gambolled, or barked in the sun; tall hunters, with deerskin garments, and bucktails in their caps, might be seen leaning on their rifles, and arranging the sport for the morrow;—in the midst of them, the young surveyor, just from the Alleghenies, would relate his adventures, or compare notes upon the country which he had traversed. The anecdotes which remain of Lord Fairfax are interesting, and some of them amusing. He is said to have had a passion for hoarding British gold, and to have preserved something of the state of England, even in the wilderness. He had his London chariot, his rich velvet dress of ceremony, and his Yorkshire servant, who would assist him in the following trick on his brother hunter. They would start a fox, and while every one was running reynard, the Earl, advised by his body servant of the habits of the game, would ride round to the spot where the fox would double to, be in at the death, and hold up the tail in triumph, when the less fortunate part of the company came up, on their jaded horses! On these hunts, it is certain that young Washington accompanied his friend, as he had done at Belvoir; and their early intimacy was still further cemented.

The result of the youth's expeditions into the wild woods of the west, and the hardships which he endured, was a toughness of body and mind, which very early made him equal to any emergency, or responsibility. The society of Lord Fairfax had first expanded and cultivated his mental powers—and the respectable tasks entrusted to him by the Earl ripened him, so to speak, all at once into a strong man. But there were other results still more important. These years laid the foundation of the whole of Washington's subsequent career. When the French war came, moon afterwards, the first person who was thought of to be sent on the dangerous expedition through the wilderness was young Mr. Washington. Braddock required an experienced aid—the young man was selected. Then the Virginia frontier was exposed to the savages. Col. Washington at twenty-three was entrusted with the entire responsibility of guarding the border. Stationed at Winchester, he had with him blacksmiths from Mount Vernon, he had himself constructed old Fort Loudon, he bore for months upon his youthful shoulders the awful burden of the public safety. His letters to Governor Dinwiddie at this period are noble memorials of his great soul, and deeply affecting. All was in confusion. The settlers at every alarm were flying to Winchester, and thence east. Every one looked to the young colonel, and to him alone. He wrote that if he knew his own heart, he would pour out the last drop of his blood to protect these poor families, whose sufferings filled him with deadly anguish. That long agony tried to the utmost all the strength of his heroic spirit. When he had come forth from the furnace, he was hardened forever. Thereafter no human trial could break down his constancy. He was fitted for the grand career which he was to run—for the sufferings of Valley Forge; the ingratitude of his own officers; the murmurs, complaints, misconceptions, and hostilities of all. Nothing could move him. As the honorable fame which he acquired in those early days secured for the old world, the appointment of General in June, 1775, the appointment of General in chief of the armies of North America; so the terrible responsibility, the care, the suspense, the agony of his trials, made him superior to all other tests.

Such was the part which the English nobleman had in the career of the American man of the people